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THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time to every mortal being,
Whate'er his station or his lot in life,
When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing,
From all this jarring and unlovely strife.

There comes a time when, having lost its savor,
The salt of wealth is worthless. When the mind
Grows wearied with the world's capricious favor
And sighs for something that it does not find.

There comes a time when, though kind friends are thronging
About our pathway with sweet acts of grace,
We feel a vast and overwhelming longing
For something that we can not name or place.

There comes a time when, with earth's best love by us
To feed the heart's great hunger and desire,
We find not even this can satisfy us;
The soul within us cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we, that men inherit
A life immortal in another sphere;
It is the homesick longing of the spirit
That can not find its satisfaction here.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago Advance.*

LIFE IN ALASKA.

Reminiscences of Six Years' Residence There.

Grizzly Bears Catching Salmon and Mosquitoes That Really Bite—Queer Habits of the Natives—Beavers Damming Streams.

"I haven't been in Alaska since 1876," said a former Government employe who was stationed in that country for several years, "but from all I can hear the occupation of the land by increasing numbers of white people has not had the effect of changing the customs of the country, in some portions of it at least, to any great extent. The Indians still believe in evil spirits that inhabit the water, hold their slaves secretly, practice polygamy, and retain all their social and religious forms and ceremonies. They have their sorcerers, repudiate all relationship on the father's side, and live generally as they did under the rule of the Russian. There are mussels and species of fish in Alaskan waters which have strong and sometimes fatal toxic qualities if eaten, which they frequently are. Sickness always follows such indulgence, and it was no uncommon thing, when I lived in Alaska, to see an entire Kolosk village suffering from its effects. It is this tradition upon which the belief in evil spirits who live in the water and spread sickness and disease among the people is founded. They profess to hold communication with these spirits through their sorcerers, but they offer them no sacrifices, and use no means to propitiate them.

"Marriage among these Indians is a peculiar institution; in fact, there is no marriage—simply the taking of wives. When a young Indian wants a wife he goes to his mother and tells her so. If she gives her consent he goes to where the lady of his heart is cooped up in her father's house, taking his next best friend with him. Through the latter he sends word to his inamorata that he is near and would wed. If she has a leaning toward her suitor she returns word to him by the friend that she is inclined to join her interests with his. He then takes presents to her and her parents, and having delivered them enters at once into the possession of his bride. There are no further ceremonies, except that a day later the couple must visit her relatives, and if she then has no complaint to make to them about her husband, they are given presents and the wedding is over. This may be repeated indefinitely, until an Indian may become as well-to-do in wives as a Mormon elder. Polygamy was practiced even by the so-called Christian tribes when I lived in the Territory, and their evolution must have been rapid, from what I remember of them, if they have abandoned the practice.

"Dried salmon is the luxury of the Alaskan Indians, and the children begin to nibble it before they think of walking. The way they bring up children out there would hardly suit in this region. The mother carries her child about from the time it is born until it is able to creep, no matter where she goes. Until that time she keeps it wrapped in a sort of fur sack. The moment the young one shows a disposition to crawl she yanks the fur off it, and then begins the building up of its constitution. This is done by giving it a souse in the sea or river every morning, and the chorus of yells that greets every village during this interesting ceremony is something terrific. The cries of the young ones are piteous, and for fear that their maternal breasts might not be proof against these appeals for mercy, and thus fail to do their duty by their offspring, the mothers do not perform this bathing rite themselves, but delegate some brother or sister to do the dousing. These conscientious aunts and uncles vary the switch with the bath, in vain attempts to make the one overawe the noisy results of the other.

"There is one thing that is noticeable among these half-civilized tribes, and is creditable withal. Their old and disabled members are carefully attended to, and orphans become a common charge, and fare the same as the most favored children with living parents. These Indians are original cremationists. Their dead are burned as soon as death ensues; their ashes are interred on the spot and a rude monument erected over them. They have crude ideas of immortality, believing that a man has a spirit that lives forever, but they know nothing of future rewards or punishments. Their heaven is a place where the spirits of the chiefs congregate in one place, the common people by themselves, and slaves, if there are any, have still another dwelling place, unless a chief's slave should die with him, and then his spirit will be in eternal attendance on his master. It was formerly the universal custom to kill the slave when the master died to insure the latter's spirit proper attendance. That custom was abolished by the Russian Government, but it was said kept up in isolated places, and cases where it has been followed were well known as late as 1876.

"Some of the Indian tribes, notably the Kanaitze, traveling from place to place hunting or fishing, have the very excellent habit of leaving behind them when they break camp a quantity of kindling material at each fireplace for the use of the next travelers who come along, and who may possibly not be oversupplied with this very necessary item in their outfit. This kindling consists of some pine pitch and some dry moss and sticks all wrapped up in a curl of birch bark. The traveler who uses this and does not leave some for the next one who comes along is sadly deficient in the etiquette of Alaskan travel.

"That is a curious country, truly. In one day's trip I was treated to three of the rarest sights I ever saw. One of these was the watching from behind a rock of a family of beavers at work felling timber and building dams. I say a family, but there must have been two hundred of them, every one working away like mad. I had been making a trip to see some of the country back from the sea, and was surprised to see how heavily wooded, comparatively, it was. I was guided by a Kanaitze Indian, and long before we reached the lake where I saw the beavers I was puzzled at the crashing of timbers to the ground, as if some great whirlwind were at play among the trees. I could hardly believe the Indian when he said the trees were being felled by beavers. When we came in sight of the lake and the hills about it I no longer doubted. Scores of the busy animals were gnawing down the trees; others were trimming the branches off as neatly as it could have been done with an axe; others were chopping the timber into the proper lengths for use; others rolled the pieces into the water and floated them to the dam-workers, who were rapidly laying up a wooden structure of which the most expert of human workmen might well have been proud. I watched the beavers at work for an hour and then left the spot reluctantly. That night, by the way, I had beaver meat for supper, went to bed on beaver skins and covered myself with beaver furs, and had beaver again for breakfast. I had never eaten beaver meat before, and I found it good. My guide told me that the lake where we had seen the beavers was one of a chain of seven, and that it was the great Indian trapping place. They trapped in one lake one year, in another the next, and so on, thus giving the beaver an opportunity to increase in the waters which were not disturbed.

"One of the other curious sights I saw that day was a grizzly bear fishing for salmon. That was a funny sight. They have the common brown bear and the grizzly in Alaska, and the Alaska grizzly is bigger than his brother of the Rocky Mountains and just as tough. Long before we came to the spot where we saw the grizzly fishing we saw his tracks in the soft margin of the lake. The marks of his feet measured sixteen inches across and were nearly twice as long. Suddenly my guide made me a sign and dropped down behind a rock. I did the same, and looking ahead not more than three rods, I saw the largest wild animal I had ever seen in my life outside of a menagerie. I knew it was a grizzly. The great brute was lying on the top of a bank in which he had scooped out a chute down to the water's edge, at a sharp angle. The bear's eyes were fixed intently on the water, and he had not heard our approach. Presently he slid down that chute with astonishing velocity and plunged head first in the water. When he arose and backed out he had in one of his great paws an enormous salmon which he took to the top of the bank and proceeded to make a meal of. He never finished it, for both my guide and myself sent two rifle balls into his gigantic carcass. He arose to his feet with a roar like a lion, turned two or three times as if to see whence the deadly fire had come, and then fell to the ground and was soon dead. This fishing for salmon is a common method of securing choice morsels of food by both the common bear and the grizzly.

"The third strange sight I saw that day was toward evening. It was summer, and we came to the mouth of a mountain torrent, near where we were to camp. As we stopped by the shore of the stream, a herd of reindeer, at least twenty of them, came out to drink. They were not thirty feet from us, and raised their great antlers, and stood looking at us with such apparent confidence of our good intentions that I would not permit the guide to abuse it, as he was on the point of doing, although it was a bitter task for him to keep his rifle from his shoulder. The deer finally stopped and drank, and then disappeared in the woods as quietly as they had come upon us.

"You would hardly think that there were mosquitoes in Alaska, I suppose, from the idea you have probably formed of the nature of the country, but of all the vivid memories I have of the Territory, those I retain of the Alaskan mosquito are the most vivid. I camped for some days one summer on the Kenai River, near Lake Skeloka, of which it is the outlet, and of all the poisonous, persistent, insatiable pests that ever lived I found there in the form of mosquitoes and black flies. The mosquitoes resemble those we have East, but to correspond with everything else in that land of wonders, they are built on a much grander scale. They have a proboscis that I will wager could drill, saw and chop a hole through the hide of Jumbo in less time than the most expert and able-bodied Jersey mosquito could tap the cuticle of a three-month-old baby. The moment the Alaska mosquito lights on you you begin to itch and swell. His bite on me was so poisonous that after my first hour's experience with him I was taken to camp ill, and for two days I was unable to get around. The Indian who was with me burned some native herb which had a pungent odor, and anointed me with some kind of oil. The smoke kept the mosquitoes away from me and the oil removed the poison. The natives do not seem to mind these pests, and I suppose that if a white man could live in their midst long enough he might become in a measure indifferent to their sting. The black flies seem to have stingers all over them, for when they get a hold on your flesh they hang on like a wood-tick, and when you do get them off you will find a spot of blood where every one of them clung. They say there are snakes in Alaska, but if there are I never saw any.

"I was there six years, and when I first went there a great many white adventurers were trying to get on the trail of an alleged gold mine, or gold region, which legend said had been discovered by some Russians in 1850. When I left this country there were men still looking for that gold region, and there was a rumor that illdications of its existence had been found somewhere away in the bed of some mountain stream, beyond the headwaters of the Kenai River. If that was true, subsequent developments must have been indefinitely postponed, for I have never heard of any great amount of bullion coming out of that region."—*N. Y. Times.*

HOUSEHOLD WASTES.

Necessity of Watching and Saving the "Left Overs."

While the well-known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away, is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corned beef, too small to appear upon the table again, is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corned beef and bacon minced fine, she added half as much cold-mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish which appeared upon a friend's table was formed from even less-promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and with the aid of a small, sharp knife removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut, not chopped, in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected.

Many other instances of a similar nature could be given. Once, when an underdone loaf of brown bread, too heavy and sodden to appear on the table in its original form, was dried in the oven, grated and converted into a tempting pudding. Another, when an equally happy result was achieved by crushing into fine crumbs a quantity of stale, hard cookies, putting with them two cups of milk, an egg, a teaspoonful of butter, and the juice and grated peel of a lemon.

The principal objection urged against the preparation of these and similar dishes is the trouble it takes. It goes without saying that when a woman's time is so valuable that she loses money by spending an hour a day in her kitchen, she may feel that she can better afford to let the scraps go than take the trouble of saving them. But this is not often the case. With the average American housekeeper it is far easier to save a dollar than to earn one. These stoppages of the little leaks may not seem much separately, but, taken together at the end of the month or year, they mount up to a sum that is consoling if it has been saved, appalling if it has been wasted. To those who think this close watching and saving of "left-overs" has an appearance of meanness and stinginess, let it be said that, while solid roast and boiled may give an impression of plain, substantial comfort, the entrees and made dishes have a savoriness that can not be imparted to the regulation cuts of meat. Any one can go to the butcher and order a round of beef or a leg of mutton, but it takes judgment, taste and skill to prepare a ragout, a salmi or a really good scallop.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good Housekeeping.*

—The yan-yan of the Southern States has been known to drop from the apex of its leaf, between sunset and sunrise, enough water to fill a tea saucer. The "rain-tree," though growing in comparatively dry places, drops enough moisture in a night to make the surface of the ground actually wet.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE DAIRY.

—One reason why the Jerseys have monopolized about all the poetry and romance there is to be found in the cattle business is because the ladies have become, in many instances, enthusiastic Jersey breeders. There are many ladies in our own State who have raised beautiful little herds of Jerseys and gained a great deal of pleasure and profit from the work. Most of these ladies started with a single animal. We know of one lady who invested some years ago in a single heifer, and has today a herd valued at $5,000.—*Southern Live Stock Journal.*

—I have known an ordinarily good cow when owned by a farmer, to develop into a wonderful milker after being purchased by a villager. The secret was that she had all the farmer ever gave her and the kitchen slops of her owner and some of the neighbors. This excess of food stimulated her milk glands, and especially as it was exceedingly succulent. There was with it a considerable amount of potato skins, apples and withal bits of bread and the wastes from the table. A cow thus fed will acquire an appetite for anything. I speak of this example not to recommend the system of feeding, but to show how a cow may be stimulated to an excessive yield of milk by an abundance of food, and also the benefits of non-exhausting conditions.—*Colonel F. D. Curtis, in Mirror and Farmer.*

—When the thoroughbred cow's day of usefulness in the butter dairy is over, and she is ready for the butcher, will she sell for more per pound than the high grade? Next: If grade cows worth from $50 to $100 each, will, with just ordinarily good food and care, average 250 pounds of butter apiece in a year, how many pounds will thoroughbred cows worth (?) from $300 to $500 each average in the same time, if given the same food and care? Will a pound of butter from thoroughbred cows bring any more money in market than a pound of butter from grade cows? Is the extra creamery butter, that is quoted at higher prices than the best dairy butter, made from thoroughbred cows? If the cream from a mixed lot of milk from common cows, grades and thoroughbreds, will make first-class, "gilt-edged" creamery butter, why will not the cream from the milk of high-grade cows make first-class dairy butter.—*Farm and Field.*

—The great panacea for the ills of the farm is cornstalks, fully matured cornstalks; no farm comes up to its proper standard, or farmer to the full measure of his privileges, without them. They should be made an every-year crop. There should be enough put in to have an ample supply to cut up and be preserved in stooks for autumn feeding. I have a great amount of faith in this cheap crop, and really would like never to be out of them. There is butter in cornstalks fully matured, with the sugar and gums and mineral properties entirely developed, while in the green and immature state there is not butter in proportion to the amount of milk. In the more watery form there is an abundance of succulence, with a lack of real substance. When fed in this soft and immature state meal should be given with them to get the full benefit of the first.—*Boston Globe.*

DAIRY COWS.

The Proportions of Hay and Grain Required to Produce the Best Results.

A subscriber in the State of New York, where hay is worth from $18 to $20 a ton, asks whether, in feeding dairy cows, it is wise to let them have all the good hay they will eat when they are fed four quarts of grain a day, and whether they will not eat more than they will digest properly, and so be fed at a loss.

This is an important question when hay is high, but comes rather late now for use. When dairymen shall study the composition and feeding value of all the different foods, they will be able to produce milk at less cost. There is no branch of agriculture that is, in fact, less understood than the principles of feeding. Most dairymen suppose that hay is the cheapest food for their cows, and think it a misfortune to be short of hay—which is in a sense true, for everyone should try to produce all the hay required by his stock—but it is seldom true that the market price of grain is higher than hay. If we consider the relative nutritive value of hay and grain, or product of grain, we find that good meadow hay or clover is no cheaper at $13 to $14 per ton than good wheat bran or middlings is at $20 or $21 per ton, or corn meal at $22 or $23 per ton, or linseed cake or meal at $32 to $38 per ton. Now this does not mean that corn meal, middlings or oil meal would be just as appropriate for the complete food of a cow as hay. We know that such concentrated food would be quite dangerous to feed a cow without any coarse fodder, but it means that the nutriment in these foods will be as cheap to make up any deficiency in the ration at those prices as hay at the price mentioned. Therefore, when hay is dear in the dairy districts, instead of buying hay the dairyman should buy grain in some form to help him out. The grain will be cheapest, and his cows come through in much better condition for the milking season than if they had all the good hay they could eat. All a cow requires over 12 to 15 pounds of hay should be made up in grain food. Twelve pounds of hay and eight pounds of middlings per day will winter a thousand-pound cow much better than thirty pounds of hay per day. But the ground feed should be mixed with cut hay, moistened, so the ground feed will adhere to it, and must be eaten with the hay, and raised and remasticated. Fine feed, fed alone, is not raised and remasticated, but goes on to the fourth stomach without further mastication.

Our correspondent will see that we would limit the hay when dear, and make up a full ration with grain. But it does not pay to save feed and have the herd poor at calving time. The safest extra feed to give, near calving, is middlings. This does not heat the blood like corn meal. Cows should be moderately fleshy at calving, as our correspondent intimates, so that this flesh and fat may be drawn upon through the milking season.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

PRIVATE WIRES.

What It Costs to Establish Neighborhood Telegraph Lines.

In the State of Indiana there is a telegraph line in operation which places three or four farm-houses in communication with each other. The benefits thereby derived are of great value, and the young folks take great pleasure in this mode of communication. The *Free Press* some time ago mentioned a line which is in operation in the southern part of this State. It is several miles in length and places eighteen or twenty residences in communication with each other. The line runs to a village and is connected with a doctor's office there, thus giving each "office," or house, provided with an instrument direct connections with the doctor, a great advantage in case of sickness or an emergency. In case of fire or burglary, any family can summon and obtain assistance at once from their neighbors.

Farmers have no idea of the feasibility of a scheme of this kind, and the cost is very slight, compared with the benefits they may gain thereby.

We will suppose that there are four or five farmers, who wish to build a telegraph line and connect with the Post-office or telegraph office. Suppose the line is to be about one mile in length. Let us figure up the cost.

No. 12 galvanized iron wire is very well adapted for a line of this length, and one mile of it would cost about $15. The glass insulators, and brackets to fasten on poles and attach the wires to, will cost but a few dollars. The poles are a small item to farmers, as the wire need be carried only high enough to keep it out of easy reach of mischievous boys, except in passing over gates, roadways or anywhere that people are liable to drive under it. In such places it must be high enough to clear a man standing upon a load of hay. Your boys will be glad to have the privilege of cutting the poles, and to assist in building the line, because they are to have lots of fun in chatting over the wire, playing checkers by telegraph, etc., during the long winter evenings.

The "gravity battery," as it is called, is the best and cheapest kind to use for this purpose. You will need five "cells" or jars of this battery for the line and an additional "cell" for every instrument attached to the line, half of the battery to be attached to each end of the line, and none anywhere else. Thus if your line is connected with five buildings, you will want ten jars, which will cost you about seventy-five cents each.

The best instruments to use are those in which the "sounder" and "key" are on one base. In case you have children who are apt to meddle with it, you can make a cover to lock over it, after the fashion of a sewing-machine. The instruments will cost you about five dollars each. It will not pay to get the cheapest, neither will it be necessary to have the high-priced ones.

You will also need a "cut-out" and "lightning-arrester" combined, so that you can switch off the instrument during heavy thunder-storms, and effectually protect your property. There are several kinds of cheap ones which will answer very well, and cost about one dollar each.

During my five years' experience as telegraph operator on different lines, I know of only one instance wherein an office was damaged by lightning, and that was probably due to the operator's neglect in not "cutting" or switching out his instrument before going home in the evening.

To sum it up the expenses would be about as follows:

One mile of wire	$15 00
Insulators, about	3 00
Battery, 10 cells@75 cents	7 50
Instruments, 5@$5	25 00
Cut-outs, or switches, 5@$1	5 00
Total	$55 50

This sum divided by five leaves each farmer's expenses $11.10, a small sum to compare with the good you will get out of it.

After putting up the line and getting it in running order, the next thing to be done is to learn the Morse alphabet. The firms that manufacture instruments send cards with this alphabet printed on them, and a book of instructions with the instruments, so that a person of ordinary intelligence can put up a line and master the alphabet by following the directions given therein.

It takes from three to twelve months, according to the aptness of the learner, to become sufficiently proficient to get along on a railroad wire, but on a wire of this kind a few weeks' practice will enable you to converse slowly with your neighbors, and you will improve in proportion to the length of time you practice. Agree with your friends upon the hours to practice and let one in each house "send" in their turn about fifteen minutes at a time, and all the rest copy what he or she sends. It will be a pleasant pastime for the family and serve to keep your boys more at home.

If you can get an operator to instruct you a few times you will get a better idea of it to begin with, although it will not make much, if any, difference in the end.

In a great many localities the barb wire fence may be used, but it is not so reliable, as it is not very well insulated and will work badly in very damp or wet weather. In dry weather, and provided the posts are dry, it will do almost as well as an insulated wire. Be sure that the joints are scraped until bright before connecting the ends together. If the wire is well painted it will work tolerably well, even in wet weather.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press*

—One secret of the decline of the Southern cotton-mills, which the New Orleans *Picayune* admits and deplores, is that there was too great a "boom" in these enterprises. Those that were earliest in the field made heavy dividends, which induced others to crowd in until the production of the coarser grades of goods, to which these mills are chiefly devoted, was pushed beyond the demands of the market.

—An inmate of a Vermont jail swallowed forty-eight pennies the other day hoping they would produce death. But the odd suicidal attempt did not succeed.

NOT A BLAMED WORD.

How the Tender Feelings of a Bright Young Man Were Trampled Upon By a Designing Young Woman.

The Auditor of State, hearing some one enter the room, looked up and beheld a man who looked as though he and melancholy had long been companions.

"Good morning," said the Auditor.

"Only tolerable."

He sat down and had, during a half hour, maintained an unbroken silence, when the Auditor said:

"Have you any business with me?"

"Not in particular."

Again he settled down into deep silence. The Auditor became impatient.

"What can I do for you?"

"Hah!"

"What can I do for you?" repeated the Auditor.

"Well, if you were in my place what would you do?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Haven't heard anything about me, then?"

"Nothing."

"Not a blamed word?"

"Not a word."

"Well, I'll tell you. I live out about twenty miles from here. I'm the feller that killed the big rattlesnake. Now, you have heard of me, haven't you?"

"No."

"Not a blamed word?"

"Not a word."

"That's strange. Well, some time ago I fell in love with Nat Pearson's daughter. You've heard of that, I reckon?"

"No."

"Not a blamed word?"

"Not a word."

"Well, Nat he wan't agin the affair."

"Wasn't, eh?" said the Auditor, becoming amused.

"No. When I asked him he 'lowed that he didn't care, jes' so I waited till he got through plantin' corn, for Sook—that's her name—can kiver more corn with a hoe than any man in the neighborhood. I hadn't said anything to the girl all this time, thinkin' that I would wait. Well, when I spoke to her about it she 'lowed that it suited her well enough. Concluded to git married in town by a Jestice of the Peace, so this mornin' we sot out an' come to town. I got my license an' bou't her a lot of apples an' eatin' truck an' sweet stuff. I left her at the 'Squire's office while I went to the wagon yard after our horses, intendin' that as soon as we was married we would ride. Well, sir, when I came back she had dun married Ike Jacobs. You know him, don't you?"

"No."

"You've heard of him, haven't you?"

"No, never heard of him."

"Not a blamed word?"

"Not a word."

"Well, he is a little bit the ugliest an' good for nuthin' man I ever seed. The State of Arkansaw can't show up such another feller. Why, sir, he let Darb Andrews fling him down. You've hearn o' Darb?"

"No."

"Not a blamed word."

"Not a word?"

"Well now, if you was in my place what would you do?"

"I wouldn't do anything."

"Not a blamed thing?"

"No."

"I tell you, cap'n. It wan't so much that I love the girl, but that I need her."

"Need her, eh?"

"Yes. I've got ten acres of new ground that I want to put in corn. It is so rough that it can't be kivered 'cept with a hoe. That gal can kiver it in three days. It's awful to be disappointed so early in life. Well, don't say anything about it."

"I won't."

"Not a blamed word?"

"Not a word."

"Well, good-bye. Grief has tuck possession of me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Turpitude of Church Choirs.

In no sphere of human effort is greater progress shown than in the pulpit. But, as we bear witness to the fact, a dull pang of regret abates our joy in contemplating the pecoant of humors of church choirs.

The pews feel many a qualm of conscience under the fire of the pulpit. Sin cannot perk itself shame-faced on the cushion of repose in the highest seat in the synagogue. But who ever knew a church choir to cry peccavi? The theological sword thrusts at sinners in the pews and the arrows of eloquence that fly over their heads never hit the choristers. They tickle themselves with the straws of conceit. They wear an invisible coat of mail, and, under a barricade of hymn-books, eat sugar plums and crack jokes as if each in turn had slipped on the ring of Gyges. The man with bulging eyes and a bald head, who plays a fantasy on "Rock of Ages" on the cornet, fears no moral castigation from the pulpit for flirting with the soprano. He holds it at disadvantage. In mockery of the preacher's meek stare of reproof, he causes the diamond on his little finger to twinkle in his eyes, as if it had caught a ray of celestial light while triple-tonguing the last cadenza with an air of "sarcastico-benigant superiority." He knows it is not the sermon that draws, but the cornet.

While the organist is holding a suspicious *tete-a-tete* behind a sheet of music with a choir girl, who meets him half way with a fan of peacock-feathers, the tenor surreptitously writes a note on the fly-leaf of a hymn-book and pokes it in the contralto's muff. The moral torpor of the the basso, who sits with folded legs reading a Sunday newspaper, is a contemptuous comment on the evangelizing power of the pulpit. Then the second tenor is convulsed with a fit of laughter in watching a fly tickle the bald pate of a deacon below. It seems as if the Evil One had been metamorphosed into an insect, and was making a rival pulpit of the bare patch on the deacon's crown.

Usage has so consecreted the levities of church choirs, that missionaries must ever regard them as sterile fields for labor.

H. V. S.

PITH AND POINT.

—Better have method in your madness than madness in your method.

—"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." People who want the earth should make a note of this.—*Boston Courier.*

—If a praying machine were invented many would use it if it did not take too much time from their business to wind it up.—*Whitehall Times.*

—How fond the world is of that which is in anywise new! Thousands of people will buy the revised Old Testament who haven't opened the covers of their King James version in years.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Commercial Gazette.*

—"How shall I get a valuable cyclopædia free?" asks a subscriber. There are a good many ways, but unless he can get one given to him he had better go without it. It is not safe to steal less than $1,000,000 nowadays.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—I ain't got nuth'n' ergin er pusson whut I kes ter war rings an' shiny pins, but I doan think dat such pussons eber 'complishes much good till arter da draps dat sorter foolishness. De tree haster shake off de bright bloom 'fore de fruit am gwineter come.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—No. Miss Mamie, they are not called grass widows because they are green, for they are as far removed from the verdant state as the North Pole is from the South Pole. Any man who picks up a grass widow, thinking her a dew-laden refreshing bunch of green grass, burns his fingers awfully, if not more so.—*Brooklyn Times.*

—A rural photographer had a young lady sit for her picture, who, at a subsequent visit to examine the proof, was not pleased at the result, and remarked that she "did not like it at all," and that she thought it was "perfectly horrid." The artist, looking attentively at the young lady, remarked: "I know it is frightful looking, but I had to take what sot before me."

—A ten-year-old Rochester boy on the cars coming to Troy, the other day, became hungry about eleven o'clock, and began an attack upon the bountiful lunch that had been prepared for him. A gentleman who sat behind him was moved to remark: "My boy, if you eat much now you won't have any appetite for your dinner." To which the smart little fellow replied: "Well, I guess if I haven't any appetite I shan't want any dinner." The gentleman had no more to say.—*Troy Times.*

—Don't say "cawn't" for can't. It don't sound nice.—*Montezuma (Ga.) Record.* And don't you say "don't" for doesn't. It isn't good grammar.—*Chicago Evening Journal* And don't you, Mr. Critic, talk about "good grammar." The sentence is either grammatical or ungrammatical. Grammar is neither "good" or bad.—*Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal.* "Neither good or bad" is neither good nor bad grammar, Mr. Critic of Critics. It is just no grammar at all.—*Chicago Journal.* Now you've did it, ain't you.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A SOFT SNAP.

Where It Is Better to Be a Pauper Than a Millionaire.

Enfield, Conn., is the most conservative and most charitable town in the State. So when the State Board of Charities said she treated the poor the best of any in the State, it is not to be wondered at. Nineteen paupers live like princes now in that Poor-house and drive out behind a pair of fine steeds when they get a chance. Their quarters are on one of the pleasantest spots in the town. A house with every convenience gives them three square meals a day and furnished room and warm bed to every several one at night, while eighty acres of good land afford exercise for those who are able to take it. The men and women eat at separate tables food made from the best provisions in market, and each drinks a big bowl of coffee or tea at every meal. Most are too old to work, so they gather in different rooms, well heated and furnished, and gabble the hours away. Nearly all use tobacco in some form, and the town indulges this petty weakness by allowing each twenty cents' worth a month. They are all ducked in a bathtub once a week, too, and made to keep themselves tidy. No wonder their eyes gaze toward this haven, and that when one gets about so old, weary and neglected he seeks refuge there, where three sumptuous repasts each day are served, followed by a dreamy smoke and gurglings of reminiscences of eighty years or more of active life. Many who have money prefer this place to any other, and so give it to the town to support them.—*N. Y. Post.*

PORTIERES.

Room Draperies Which Every Year Gain in Popularity.

Each year portieres gain in popularity. They are not only graceful and pretty additions to the drapery of a room or hall, but they are so very useful that people who are loth to follow the (to them) "new-fangled ideas," stand ready to speak a word in their favor. There is an almost endless variety of material to use for this purpose, but those who must contrive and economize are glad of hints about these things. A comparatively cheap horse-blanket, if a good color is selected, makes a very nice drapery and is far handsomer than the Canton flannel so much used, that really does not look very well, and invariably collects all dust of a room. A dark gray or brown blanket will last much longer, a frieze can be added of large blocks of dark, rich, contrasting colors of cloth, plush or velveteen. These tacked on with ornamental stitches over the bright stripes of the blanket, give a really excellent effect, and your drapery has a nice look that a lighter material can not have. The expensive Mexican blankets are handsome enough without adding any borders, the bright colors making them very effective in an otherwise plain finished room. Coarse bagging over bright red wall paper, or Japanese matting is a unique idea for wall decoration.—*Demorest's Monthly.*